



Copyright, 1896, by F. TENNISON KELLY.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
CHAPTER I.—Royce Farrar dis-
 graces himself at West Point, de-
 serts the school and leads a wander-
 ing life, sinking lower and lower,
 marries his employer's daughter,
 and then commits a forgery. II.—
 Colonel Farrar, father of Royce, is
 killed in a battle with the Indians.
 III.—Royce Farrar's younger brother
 Will graduates at West Point and
 falls in love with Kitty Ormsby,
 whose brother Jack is in love with
 Will's sister Ellis. IV.—Will is made
 lieutenant. They all return to Fort
 Frayne, accompanied by a certain
 Mrs. Daunt. V.—It has been re-
 ported that Royce Farrar is dead, but
 he turns up at the fort in the guise
 of a common soldier under the name
 of Grace. Ellis Farrar and Jack
 Ormsby quarrel over Helen Daunt.
 VI.—Helen Daunt has an interview
 with Jack Ormsby, in which it trans-
 pires that she is Royce Farrar's much
 abused wife, whom Ormsby has be-
 fore befriended. VII.—Helen Farrar
 discovers her husband. VIII.—Ellis
 Farrar witnesses another interview
 between Helen Daunt and Jack
 Ormsby.

CHAPTER IX.
 A snow cloud was hanging over Fort
 Frayne that lovely Christmas eve, and
 the moon shone down through a filmy
 veil of lace and cast black shadows on
 the dazzling surface. Everywhere about
 the post lights were twinkling in the
 quarters and sounds of soldier merriment
 and revelry came from the bar-
 racks. Over at the assembly room Rorke
 and his party were still busy at work
 hanging festoons of green and complet-
 ing the decorations for the morrow,
 while in the several households among
 the officers dinner parties or similar en-
 tertainments called together under one
 roof or another almost all the families
 as well as the bachelors of the garrison.
 The children were rejoicing in their
 great Christmas tree at the chapel. The
 colonel had bidden them all to his big
 house for a Santa Claus party after the
 public ceremony of the post Sunday
 school, and Aunt Lucretia, a garrulous,
 flighty, feather-brained fairy of 40
 summers or more, was doing her best
 to get the little gifts in proper order
 against their coming, being aided in
 her perplexities and complications by
 the dromy, but devoted, Wayne. Kitty
 was dining at the Farwells—a tem-
 porary truce having been patched up
 between her and Will about sunset—and
 Ellis, too, very, very much against her
 wish, was one of this party. Ormsby
 was, of course, bidden, and had been
 placed next the lady of his love, but
 averted eyes and monosyllabic answers
 were the only returns of his devotion.
 Grieved and hurt at first, the sterling
 fellow was finally stung to reprisals.
 He was guilty of no wrong. He was
 worthy far kinder treatment at her
 hands, and, noting her apparent de-
 termination to talk only with the men
 across the table or with Captain Amory,
 who had taken her in, the New Yorker
 presently succeeded in interesting the
 lady on his right, and, when dinner
 was over and the women passed out into
 the parlor, was enabled to make way
 for Miss Farrar with a very courteous
 but entirely ceremonious bow. Ellis
 flushed, but, inclining her head, passed
 him by without a word.

It was then nearly 8:30 o'clock, and
 the glad voices of the children could
 be heard returning from the chapel,
 and, mindful of his promise to Helen
 Daunt, Ormsby was already figuring
 for an opportunity of temporary escape.
 It had been arranged that most of the
 officers and ladies were to gather at the
 hoptown after 10, "just to see if the floor
 was in good shape for tomorrow," and
 Jack well understood that Ellis did not
 mean that he should be her escort, and,
 as matters now stood, he did not desire
 her to suppose that such was his wish.
 Even as he was pondering over the
 cigarettes and coffee how he should
 manage the matter and giving but ab-
 sentminded attention to the chery chat
 about him, Captain Amory suddenly
 lifted his hand and said, "Hush!"

Out across the parade, quick, stirring
 and spirited, the cavalry trumpet was
 sounding "officers' call," and every
 man sprang to his feet. "What can it
 mean?" "What has happened?" were
 the questions that assailed them as they
 came streaming out through the parlor
 in search of their greatcoats.

"Did you ever know such a regi-
 ment?" exclaimed the hostess impu-
 latively. "I do believe we never get
 through Christmas without a tragedy
 of some kind." And then she bit her
 tongue as she caught sight of Ellis Far-
 rar's startled face.

"I think if you will excuse me, Mrs.
 Farwell, I will go to mother a moment.
 She is at the chaplain's by this time
 and Mrs. Daunt is with her. Still, I
 feel anxious. All this may excite her
 very much."

And so, while the officers went hur-
 rying away across to the adjutant's of-
 fice, Ormsby found himself, after all,
 tending his arm to Miss Farrar. He
 was the only man left. Kitty, excited
 and agitated, she knew not why, had
 made some comical attempts to detain
 Will, but his long legs had by this time
 carried him half way to the scene of the
 sudden summons.

"Thank you, no. I do not need it,"
 said Ellis coldly. "Indeed, I do not

need escort at all to go so short a dis-
 tance."
 "It seems to be the post custom none
 the less," was the grave answer. "Be-
 sides, I think I am justified in saying
 you have treated me with aversion so
 marked of late that I am entitled to
 know the cause. What can I have done
 to deserve it, Ellis? Let us understand
 each other."

"There is only one way, then, Mr.
 Ormsby," she answered, with sudden
 impulse. "Who is Helen Daunt?"
 "Ellis, I cannot tell you now," was
 the sorrowful, gentle answer. "Be pa-
 tient with me, give me a little while."
 "Yet you know?"
 "Yes—I know."

"And you say let us understand each
 other," she answered bitterly.
 "Ellis, I said to you before when we
 spoke of this that there are secret orders
 a soldier must obey and not explain. In
 these last few hours secret orders have
 come to me."

"And you accept secret orders—from
 her?"
 "I accept them from my honor, Ellis,
 for I have given my word. No," he im-
 plored, as she hastened as though to
 leave him, "listen, for it may be my
 last opportunity tonight. I know it
 seems hard and strange to you that
 when I would lay my whole life open
 before you, I must not yet tell you this.
 But, Ellis, I give you my honor. I am
 hiding nothing shameful to that poor
 woman next to me. It is only for a
 time I must be silent. When I can
 speak, you'll forgive me, dear. You will
 thank me that I do keep silence now.
 Trust me, Ellis. Can you not look up
 at me and say you trust me?"

Ah, how pleading was his tone, how
 full of love and fire and tenderness his
 manly face, as in that still winter night
 he looked down into her eyes! Over at
 the barracks there was a sudden stop to
 all the music, but men's voices could be
 heard in excited talk. Along officers' row
 many a door was opened and women
 and children were peering out in
 search of explanation of the unusual
 summons. Over at the adjutant's office
 a dark throng had gathered, the officers
 of the garrison and other knots of sol-
 diers or Indians could be seen, but Jack
 and Ellis saw, heard, nothing of this.
 He voice had the ring of steel to it as
 she answered:

"If it were just a question of my own
 happiness, I might trust you, but it is
 my mother's happiness—perhaps her
 life. I must know all there is to know
 about that woman whom my mother
 trusts so blindly. I must know for my-
 self. In the name of the love you offer
 me will you tell me the truth about her?"

"Ellis, I cannot tonight. I have
 given my word."
 "Then keep it," said she with sudden
 passion. "Keep it and keep your love."
 Then she turned and fled within the
 chaplain's gate, leaving him standing
 on the snowy walk without, sorrowing,
 yet determined.

For a moment he stood there follow-
 ing her with his eyes. Never stopping
 to knock or ring, she turned the knob
 and let herself into the brightly lighted
 hall. He caught a glimpse of the gray
 haired chaplain bending over a womanly
 form. He caught one fleeting view of
 Helen Daunt's anxious face. Evidently
 the call had been heard there, too,
 and, coming as it did in the stillness
 of the holiday evening, it boded no
 good. Only on rare occasions or some
 sudden emergency was Fenton known
 to call every duty officer to his presence,
 even by day, and he would be almost
 the last man to break in upon the festi-
 vities of the season with a stern call
 to arms unless arms and men both were
 needed somewhere.

The day had been one long trial to Mrs. Farrar, and since
 noon one long torture to her cherished
 friend. And as they were seated about
 the chaplain's fire and the trumpet
 notes were heard, and a servant
 hastening in said, "It's officers' call,
 sir," just as Ellis feared her mother
 was seized with sudden faintness. "My
 boy, Willy! They won't take him," she
 faltered, and then sank back powerless
 into her chair.

Ormsby turned and sped away for the
 office. At least he could ascertain the
 cause of the summons and bring them
 tidings if it meant no more, but the first
 glance through the window at his
 uncle's face, as he stood surrounded by
 his officers, told the New Yorker, al-
 ready experienced in frontier garrison
 life, that something imminent was in the
 wind. Fenton was talking rapidly,
 as was his wont when roused, and only
 faces in the group that did not seem
 to kindle in response to the light in
 his keen, sparkling eyes were those
 of two heavily blanketed Indians stand-
 ing sullen and imperturbable beside
 him. Out in the snow half a dozen non-
 commissioned officers were gathered in
 a group by the little knot of Indian
 ponies and cowboy bronchos. An Indian
 boy, lolling in his saddle, replied in
 monosyllables to their eager questions.
 A brace of cowboys, one of them obvi-
 ously in liquor, sought to impress upon
 all within hearing their version of some
 row that had evidently taken place.
 Among the bystanders was Ormsby's
 old friend, the sergeant major, and to
 him he appealed.

"What's up, sergeant?"
 "Been a fight, air—cowboys and In-
 dians. Christmas drunk, I reckon. The
 cowboys were having some fun with
 their lariats, and they roped old Big

Rond off his pony and shot at him when
 he showed fight. Then his two sons shot
 Laramie Pete, and it looks like a gen-
 eral scrimmage. Big Road's whole vil-
 lage is camped only ten miles down
 stream, and they're war dancing al-
 ready. There's a lot of drunken cowboys
 over at town, and they swear they'll
 rouse the county and clean out the
 whole Indian outfit."

Thanking the staff sergeant for his
 information, Ormsby pressed on to the
 crowded room and stood in the outskirts
 of the throng of officers. Fenton was
 speaking as he entered the hall, and his
 voice had no uncertain ring. He had
 been questioning one of the cowboy
 leaders, a scowling, semidivine, but
 splendidly built specimen of frontier
 chivalry, and it was evident that the
 verdict of the commander was against
 these turbulent gentry and in favor of
 the Indians.

"By your own admission, Thorpe,
 your fellows are on a tear, and whether
 they meant it as fun or not it was
 rough fun at best and nothing less than
 a mad, brain-trick in my eyes and an
 outrage from the Indian point of view.
 Big Road would have been no chief at
 all if he hadn't resented it furiously. It
 may be, as you say, that he was first to
 pull his gun, but you pulled him off his
 horse. The men that did it deserve to be



At the threshold he turned and once more
 faced the post commander.

shot, and I'm sorry he missed. You say
 there are cowboys enough in the county
 to clean out a dozen such bands as his
 and that Laramie Pete's friends won't
 rest until they've done it. Go you to
 them right from this spot and say for
 me there are cowboys enough in all
 the territory to lick this regiment, and
 you've got to do that before you can
 raise one scalp in that village."

"All right, Colonel Fenton. In the
 old days we used to say blood was
 thicker than water, and in many a
 tough place we've stood by the soldier
 against the savage. There was never a
 time we went back on you, and this is
 the first time I ever heard of an officer
 who would go back on us."

"Don't distort things now, my
 friend," said Fenton coolly. "I never
 would go back on you, as you say, if
 you were the assailed and the wronged.
 This is a case of simple justice, and I
 intend to keep the peace until the
 rights and wrongs can be sifted and set-
 tled. Take my advice and keep away
 from the village."

"There's higher power in the land
 than the military, Colonel Fenton, and
 that's public opinion, and public opinion
 says Big Road's people murdered Lar-
 amie Pete. Public opinion says we want
 the murderers and, by God, we mean to
 have 'em even if we have to clean out
 the whole village! We want no fight
 with you, but, through the press and
 congress, we'll use you up till there
 won't be as much left of you as the
 Sioux left of Custer's crowd. Take my
 advice and keep away from us."

And so saying Ben Thorpe, "king of
 the cowboys," as they called him on the
 Platte, strode angrily out of the room,
 the officers parting in silence to let him
 go. At the threshold he turned and once
 more faced the post commander.

"Another thing, Colonel Fenton!"
 And as he spoke Ormsby could see how
 the strong frame was quivering with
 excitement and wrath. "You say we're
 not the sheriff's posse and we cannot act
 in accordance with law. There's no
 sheriff in all Wyoming nearer than Rock
 Springs, and I'm sheriff in these parts
 until he comes. I'm sheriff enough to
 hunt murderers, and sheriff enough to
 run down horse thieves, and do it with-
 out waiting for warrants, either, and
 that damned redskin whom you're pro-
 tecting there by your side is one of the
 four that shot Pete Boland. I'll send a
 sheriff's posse here in ten minutes, and
 I'll give you warning here and now we
 mean to have the law on him or you,
 and you take your choice. Will you sur-
 render him?"

Ormsby felt his nerves and muscles
 quivering. This was indeed bearding
 the lion in his den. It was a new thing
 to see a post commander braved in his
 own bailiwick. Fenton, however, never
 showed the faintest irritation. Check-
 ing with a gesture the indignant move-
 made by some of the younger officers,
 he turned quietly to the officer of the
 day.

"Captain Amory, let a file of the
 guard escort that gentleman off the res-
 ervation."

"So be it, Colonel Fenton, and let
 the county know I was thrust off the
 post at the point of the saber. I'll wait
 for my escort."

He had little time to wait. Almost
 at the doorway already, the corporal's
 guard, obeying the impatient summons
 of the young officer in command, came
 trotting up at double quick, a noncom-
 missioned officer and two troopers. One
 of the latter, stocky, heavily bearded,
 slouchy, with furtive, bloodshot eyes,
 looked uneasily about him as the detail
 halted, and, springing up the steps, the
 corporal lightly touched the cowboy on
 the shoulder. Thorpe had turned back
 as though to hurl some parting shot or
 sarcasm at the oppressor, but at the
 touch of the corporal's hand looked
 coolly around. "Well, sonny, what do
 you want?"

"Come along, Ben," said the corporal
 quietly, then started back involuntarily
 at the expression of amazement and
 wrath that shot suddenly into the cow-
 boy's face.

"What?" hissed Thorpe, striding a
 pace forward. "You here? You officiat-
 ing as policeman to show me off Uncle
 Sam's jailyard. You, you sneak and
 scum!" he shouted, shaking a fist in
 Grace's sudden face. "You, you brag-
 gart and blackguard—you coward, who
 left poor Crawford's wife without a de-
 fender. You cur, who stole the last cent
 he had and then betrayed him to the
 Indians; you liar, who brag of being an
 officer's son and dare not own your own
 name!"

"Stand back!" he fiercely cried as
 the corporal once more strove to place a
 hand upon his shoulder. "I've no quar-
 rel with you, Reddy, or with this other
 poor devil, who can only do as he's or-
 dered, but I'd die in my tracks before
 that white-livered hound should escort
 me off this post. Out of the way!" he
 cried, and with one magnificent bound
 reached his horse, leaped into his saddle,
 and dashed a few yards away. Then,
 whirling about, he swung his hat in
 air. "Good night to you, gentlemen.
 Merry Christmas to you, one and all.
 You've got one of those bloody murder-
 ers here, so keep him if you choose, but
 we'll have the other three before the
 sun rises in spite of all the thugs and
 thieves like that fellow you can muster
 in the cavalry."

And with a parting malediction at
 Grace and a lash of the stinging quirt,
 he whirled his broncho and dashed away
 at the gallop.

"Damn that fellow!" said Fenton.
 "If he had in spite of all his devilry,
 there's no help for it, gentlemen—the
 Twelfth has got to spend its Christmas
 standing between those rough riders and
 the very band that killed our colonel
 three long years ago."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Uses of Wild Rice.

Few know more of the reed of our
 river mud flats than that it furnishes
 the food on which fattens for the epu-
 race the reedbird of autumn dinner
 tables, the boloduk of other seasons.
 But as wild rice, *Zizania aquatica*, of
 science, it has played no mean part in
 the service of man. It was the staple
 food of the Indians that formerly in-
 habited northern Wisconsin and Min-
 nesota, where the plant abounds on the
 margin of lakes. Dr. Elliott Cone says
 that it is still the chief resource of the
 Ojibway Indians on the reservations of
 Minnesota. They not only gather it for
 their own use, but for the purposes of
 trade. A common name is Indian rice,
 and the lakes along which the plants
 abound are known as rice lakes. Whole
 Indian villages will be tenantless in au-
 tumn, the inhabitants having gone
 "ricing," as the harvesting is termed.
 The Indians push their canoes into
 masses of rice, bend the heads of rice
 over a crooked stick and thrash the
 grain into the bottom of the boat.—In-
 dependent.

The Rhinoceros Bird.
 Among the birds not commonly found
 is the rhinoceros bird, from the Transvaal.
 Buff, plover is its Dutch name. Its habits
 are remarkable and its plumage unusual.
 Small flocks accompany most of the large antelopes,
 the buffaloes and the rhinoceros, in South
 Africa, and run all over the creatures' heads,
 picking off flies and insects. When an enemy
 approaches, the buff birds sit in a line with
 heads raised on the back of the animal they are
 attending, like sparrows on a roof ridge,
 and signal "the enemy in sight." The
 plumage is curiously close, uniform and
 compact, so much so that the bird has
 an artificial look, as if covered with
 painted satin and not with feathers.
 The general tint of the body is cinnamon
 brown, with yellow beak and legs,
 giving the color effect of a brown and
 yellow iris.—London Spectator.

Lacked Modern Facilities.
 "I am sorry," remarked Mr. Blykins' wife,
 "to see that you are of such an irritable
 disposition."

"I guess that most men have their
 moods," he replied, a little defiantly.
 "Men are all liable to lose their tem-
 per at some time."

"Think of the philosophers! Think of
 how Socrates even took the cup of poi-
 son without a murmur! I don't believe
 he ever lost his temper."

"Humph! He didn't have the modern
 facilities. I'll wager a silk hat that
 if Socrates had ever gotten seven miles
 from home and found that his back tire
 had a puncture in it and that somebody
 had stolen his repair kit, he'd have said
 things that he wouldn't have had his
 publishers know about for worlds."—
 Washington Star.

The Pyramid Limp.
 "The pyramid limp," as it has come
 to be called, is that state of body which
 falls upon one for two or three days after
 making the ascent of the pyramids. One
 is so much pulled and pushed at the
 time that little or no inconvenience is
 felt. There is no sign of soreness of
 joint or muscle until after one has slept,
 and then the trouble begins to brew.
 The second day of that man or woman
 is worse than the first; the climax is
 reached at the end of the second or be-
 ginning of the third day and from that
 time the pain begins slowly to lessen.
 —Cairo Letter.

Taught the Teacher.
 In the biography of Dr. Hawtree, a
 famous English schoolmaster, there is a
 description of his unkempt appearance,
 with a comment which has been great-
 ly quoted. It is said that he was scold-
 ing for being late at morning lesson
 some boy, who replied that he had no
 time to dress. "But I can dress in
 time," said the doctor. "Yes," replied
 the boy, "but I wash."

It is a safe rule to wet the wrists be-
 fore drinking cold water if at all heat-
 ed. The effect is immediate and grate-
 ful, and danger of fatal results is ward-
 ed off.

Will Not Perform Miracles But It Will Cure.



DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE
 cures nervous prostration. Not mi-
 raculously, but scientifically, by first
 removing the cause of disease, and then
 supplying healthy nerve food, increasing
 the appetite, helping digestion and strength-
 ening the entire system. Desperate cases
 require prolonged treatment, as shown by
 that of Mrs. M. B. Wood, of Delta, Iowa, who
 writes: "As the result of a lightning stroke,
 the physicians said I had a light stroke of
 paralysis, my limbs would all draw up. I
 would have throbbings in my chest that seemed
 unbearable. For three months I could not sleep
 and for three weeks did not close my eyes. I
 prayed for sleep, and felt that if relief did not come I would be
 dead or insane. I took Dr. Miles' Resto-
 rative Nervine and the second night slept two
 hours and from that time on my health im-
 proved; slowly at first, but steadily and
 surely. I took in all 40 bottles, and I cannot
 express how grateful I am, for I am now
 perfectly well, and have taken no medicine
 for over four months." Dr. Miles' Nervine
 is sold by druggists on guarantee that first
 bottle benefits or money refunded.

Book on heart and nerves free. Dr. Miles
 Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Colona Sand Stone Quarries

Sawed building stone,
Ashlar and trimmings
a specialty.

For cheapness, durability and
beauty excelled by none. This
stone does not wash or color the
wall with alkali, etc. Plans sent
us for estimates will receive
careful attention and be returned
promptly at our expense.
Quarries 12 miles from Rock
Island on the C., B. & Q. R. R.
Trains Nos. 5 and 10 will stop
and let visitors off and on.

Bridge stone, corn crib
blocks and foundation
stone—any size desired.

Samples of Stone and Photos of
Buildings can be seen at Room
No. 12, Mitchell & Lynde's build-
ing. Address:

Arthur Burrall, manager,
Rock Island or Colona, Ill.



A WOMAN'S PLEA.
 Thousands of sincere
 earnest ladies, anxious for the welfare of
 their sex, are giving advice similar to this:

To afflicted ladies: Do not despair! Send
 quickly for Wild Olive and Myrtle Tonic.
 They brought me from the verge of the grave and today
 I am well and happy.
 MRS. A. H. QUEEN, Belgrave, W. Va.

FEMALE WEAKNESSES.
 Irregularities, displacements, of every na-
 ture can be positively cured at home by
 Wild Olive—applied locally and Myrtle
 Tonic—taken to give strength and vigor.
 Price \$1 each.

All communities hold those who after
 years of unrelieved suffering have aban-
 doned hope and feel like slipping away.
 Such a one was Mrs. Queen. Such have
 been thousands that these remedies have
 restored. Little expense. Quick results.
 Permanent relief.

SAMPLES of the remedies, and a
 should post-FREE by mail, on re-
 quest supplied. Write to agents
 everywhere, or send direct.
VICTOR MEDICAL ASSN.
 SOUTH BEND, IND.

Mrs. M. J. SARGENT, Agent,
 124 Thirty-seventh St., Rock Island

DR. KAY'S RENOVATOR
 BILIOUSNESS is caused by tor-
 pid liver and produces headache,
 dizziness, loss of appetite, disgust
 for food, constipated tongue, constipa-
 tion, and bilious fever if neglected.
 A POSITIVE CURE is found in

Dr. Kay's Renovator
 Mrs. O. C. TRAYER, of Anita, Iowa,
 writes: "I have taken Dr. Kay's Ren-
 ovator for Constipation & BILIOUS-
 ness, and it has given the best of sat-
 isfaction." Dr. Kay's Renovator is sold
 by druggists at 25 cts. and \$1.00, or sent
 by mail to Dr. J. B. Kay Medical Co.,
 Omaha, Neb. Send stamp for FREE
 SAMPLE and a valuable booklet.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

T. H. THOMAS, Sole Agent.

BRASS BAND
 Instruments, Drums, Uniforms. Equip-
 ment for Bands and Drum Corps. Low-
 cost prices guaranteed. Free Catalogue,
 and full particulars, sent free to those who
 write to Dr. J. B. Kay Medical Co.,
 Omaha, Neb. Send stamp for FREE
 CATALOGUE.

"The Last Piece hung,—and the day but just begun!"

All women who have no time and strength to waste, who want snowy clothes and soft hands should use the famous

SANTA CLAUS SOAP

The best and purest soap. Made for laundry, and general house use. Sold everywhere.

Made only by
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago.

Baker, McNeill & Sessler.

Stoves
Hardware
Plumbing
Hot Water Heating,
Steam and Gas Fitting,
Copper, Tin and
Sheet Iron Work.

Cor. Nineteenth street
and Second Avenue.

OPPOSITE
HARPER HOUSE.

DAVIS COMPANY

HEATING AND VENTILATING ENGINEERS.

CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN FILTER
 Germ-Proof
FILTER

ERIE CHAMPION FILTERS

Cheaper Than a Doctor's Bill.

JOHN E. PARIDON.
PARIDON & SON
Painters and Decorators
 PAPER HANGERS, CALSOMINERS, etc.
 SHOP, 419 Seventeenth St., ROCK ISLAND, ILL.